

KIRK'S WHITE SOAP

Springfield Republic

EVERYING AND WEEKLY:

The REPUBLIC prints the New York and West
and Associated Press Dispatches and the Boston
Cable Telegrams.

C. M. NICHOLS, THOS. G. BROWN,
PRESIDENT, SECRETARY AND TREASURER

SPRINGFIELD PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Publishers and Proprietors.

THE EVENING REPUBLIC is published
every evening except Sunday, and is sold
at the rate of one cent per copy. Single
copies 2c.

THE WEEKLY REPUBLIC is published
every Thursday, and is one of the most
valuable family papers in the country.
It contains the latest news, and is
sent at the rate of one cent per copy.
Single copies 2c.

All communications and contributions
should be addressed to the
editor, and all business letters to Thomas G.
Brown, manager.

REPUBLIC BUILDING,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Telephone No. 235.

TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8, 1887.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

Governor,
J. B. FOLKLER.

Supreme Judge—long term,
W. C. LAY.

Supreme Judge—short term,
F. J. DICKMAN.

State Auditor,
E. W. POLE.

State Treasurer,
J. C. BROWN.

Attorney General,
D. K. WATSON.

Member Board of Public Works,
C. A. FLETCHER.

11th Senatorial District.

For State Senator,
THOS. A. CONNELL.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET

Representative,
GEORGE C. BOWEN.

Probate Judge,
JOHN C. MILLER.

Auditor,
O. F. SERVICE.

Clerk,
JAMES L. HARRIS.

Recorder,
S. A. TODD.

Commissioner of
W. H. STEBBINS.

Intervenor,
JOHN M. STEWART.

Coroner,
J. M. BENNETT.

We have resumed the state bank and
maintained and advanced for credit
the highest point it has ever reached.
We have cut down the interest charge so
that we can save the state money.
We have also reduced the public bonded debt
of the state, and we have saved the state
the sum of \$100,000. We have also saved
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saved the state the sum of \$100,000. We have
also saved the state the sum of \$100,000.

This is a republican day.

The battle is on, and nearly over.

If you haven't voted, vote—and vote
right.

Everybody will rally round the support
table tonight.

Foraker's majority will not be over 20-
000 and it may reach 40,000.

No more making of political lists for
the season. We are taking a rest.

Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, being
the latest of the young George Will-
ingtons.

The Ohio campaign of 1887 has been
really the opening of the national cam-
paign of 1888.

In the nature of things a country which
has a popular government must be saved
at least once a year.

Springfield manufacturers took no stock
in the American exhibition in London.
There was nothing in it.

Dr. Leonard is certainly fortunate in
having such a man as Rev. Joseph Kyle
to "set him right" before the public.

General James Harvey Arbogast should
keep up the organization of his Plug Hat
brigade, so that it can render good service
in 1888. Monthly meetings should be held
during the winter.

Dr. R. J. Gating has invented a new in-
strument for the use of the blue-coated and
brass-buttoned guardians of the peace,
which he calls a "police gun." It has a
magazine holding 62 cartridges which can
be turned out of a crank, be dropped,
readily into six revolving barrels within
the gun. As the weapon is used an ex-
tractor takes out the expended cartridges.
According to the New York Tribune, Dr.
Gating, a "peaceful looking old gentleman,
with spectacles and a flowing beard," says:
"We can clear the street of a mob and the
household as well. The gun will kill a man
a mile off, though 1,000 yards is the best
range. We don't want to see our cities
overrun by a mob as was Pittsburg. Why,
no man would stand in range of that gun.
If he did he would be foolish, to say the
least."

IN MEDITATION.

Within her fair white hands the Good Book lies,
As reverently she turns its leaves,
The sweet shadows veil her steadfast eyes,
And as the nightfall comes and slowly weaves,
I hear her voice clear and strong—
"Best time as a soul upon the wing."
As a soul upon the wing,
For love is strong as death!
And so she reads the Good Book,
The type like a rosebud curled apart,
As a soul upon the wing,
With a voice of its breath,
On, on she reads, hushed on her sunny breast,
Lulled in the sweetness of a holy shrine,
Each leaf with its truth and love to read,
Her face, her death, and with freedom,
Her thoughts were long and long—
"Jehovah is our God."
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THE WIDOW OF A CHILD.

It was during the hunting season at the
Chateau de la Vallée. The autumn had
been rainy and gloomy. The red leaves,
instead of rustling beneath the feet,
were in the furrows under the heavy
shadows.

The well high naked forest was as damp
as a bathing establishment. As the hunter
entered it and trudged along over the wet
grass and moss, and under the great storm
beaten trees he found himself enveloped
by a noxious vapor with a musty smell.
His dog also seemed affected by the
muggy weather, and he did not look
back, as with drooping tails and reeling
skies, they trotted along close behind his
heels.

In the main parlor after dinner we had
been playing loto till time, while guests
of wind rattled the windows and on the
outside made the old weathercocks spin
like tops. Finally but little pleasure in
the game we turned our heads at every toll,
just as people are said to do in books,
but no one invented anything amusing.
The hunters' tales of adventures that had
occurred to them while out shooting—
massacres of rabbits, while the ladies
racked their brains in futile attempts to
discover scholastic inspiration.

We were on the point of giving up this
species of entertainment also when a
young lady, thoughtlessly toying with the
hand of her husband's aunt, looked on one
of the old lady's fingers a small ring
made of light hair. She had frequently
seen this trinket, but had never before
paid any attention to it.

As she gently turned the ring around
her aunt's finger she asked:
"By the way, auntie, what ring is this?
It looks like the hair of a child."

The old maid blushed, became pale,
then, with a faltering voice, she said:
"It is so said a story that I never like to
speak of it. It was the one great misfor-
tune of my life. I was quite young when
it happened, and yet the memory of it is
so painful that I still shed tears when
ever I think about it."

As a matter of course all wanted to
hear the story. The old maid at first
refused to tell it, but finally she yielded to
our solicitations, and began as follows:
"You have often heard tell of the San-
tze family. It is now extinct, but I was
acquainted with the three last members
of it. They all died the same death. He
was the last of the last one. He was
thirteen years old when he killed himself
in my account. That seems very strange to
you, does it not?"

Oh, they were a singular race, insane, if
you wish, but the most charming lunatics
I ever knew. All from father to son
were a prey to violent passions; to great
impulses, which made them enthusiasts in
all they undertook, to such an extent, that
they would at times go mad at a single
moment. In this passion was what added
devotion to their minds. Those who be-
came Trappists are not of the same nature
as our drawing room lunatics. In their
family we met many. In love like a San-
tze. They all had curly hair and beard,
and large eyes, the light of which seemed
to penetrate and disturb the soul, though
it would have been hard to say why.

The grandfather of the one of whom
this is the only survivor I have, after
many adventures and circles of the age of
63 fell blindly in love with his farmer's
daughter. I knew both of them. She
was a pale blonde, of a distinguished ap-
pearance, with a sweet voice, and a gentle
look that seemed to melt the heart. The old
nobleman took her to his house, and be-
came so attached to her that he could not
be happy a minute unless he was in her
company. His daughter and step-daughter,
who lived in the chateau with him, found
this quite natural, so traditional and
natural to become in the family. Nothing
surprised them if passion had anything to
do with the case, and if they happened to
hear of broken ties, of parted lovers, even
of suicide, being taken after legal advice,
they both would say in the same affected
voice: "Oh! how he or she must have
suffered!" Nothing else. They only
great tender over dramatic. The grand-
father and his daughter, however, were
never displayed any ill feeling, even
when these dramas culminated in crime.

Well, one autumn Mr. de Gradiac, a
young man who had been a student in the
part in the chateau, went off, taking the
young girl with him.

Mr. de Santze remained perfectly cool,
as if nothing had happened, but a few
mornings after he was found in his dog
kennel, hanging amidst his dogs.

His son died in the same way at a hotel
in Paris. While spending the time in
that city in 1841 he became enamored of
an opera singer. As the lady did not re-
turn his love he hanged himself.

He left behind him a son, 12 years old,
and a widow, my mother's sister. They
came to live with us, at my father's place
at Bertillon. I was at the time 17 years
of age.

You cannot imagine what a remarkably
precocious child this little Santze was. It
looked as if all the tenderness, all the en-
thusiasm of the whole race had fallen into
this one, the last of the name. He always
seemed to be in a dream, and for hours he
would walk all alone in the long avenue of
elm trees, which led from the chateau to
the woods. From my window I would
notice the sentimental lad stopping
frequently. His hands behind his back,
his eyes cast down, and with a slow step
to look up, as if he saw and understood
and felt things that were beyond his years.

Often, after dinner, on moonlight nights,
he would say to me: "Come, come, let
me go out to nurse." And then we would
start out together through the park. He
would stop abruptly in front of the elms
where flowed that white vapor, that light
vapour with which the moon pads the
opening between the trees; then he would
say to me, as he pressed my hand: "See
that, see! But you do not understand
me. I know it. If you don't, I will
be happy. One must love to be under-
stood." I would laugh and kiss the
child that was so much attached to me.